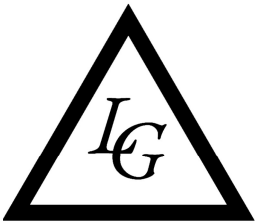
THE FIRST GOOFIÍST ENCYCLICAL.

Edited by Sainted Nigga Sherm.

CONTAINING

1. *Poems by The Very Thing.*
2. *Selected Graphiqué by Atman Halal.*
3. *The Stone Cuttá Question by Sn. Sherm.*
4. *The Canonical Adventures of Jack and Charlie, by The Very Thing et al.*



I.C.G.A.

PRODUCED

ANNO —— M. M. XX. II.

TO THE

READER.

READER;

LEt the Quaded and profane sons of the billows be informed, that there indeed follows more from what first produced a nervous spasm in the conarium of those devils that worship in the granary of Ha-Shaïṭan. By sorcerous or sourceful means and spiteful dedicación, we are compelled. Though, this compulsion remains smól in its magnitude, it is so only in appearance. For tremendous powá has been compressed in this innocuous snare, this, the very first Goofiíst Encyclical.

Your Humble Servant,

the smallest skull

in God's throne,

the I.C.G.A.

POEMS

BY

The Very Thing.[a.]

(a.) *With influence and modificación by Sn. SAP, L'Artiſte du Futur Chumagor, et alia.*

Autophrenic Elegy.

WEep, froth, and rasp,—can do.
It is he who said it was all well.
Our soul, he who said:
With God there is no sorrow,
No darkness, no nightmare,
No burden or loss, no all,—none to speak.
Or, in other words: No suck, and no that.
How I think this will read:
Every dreamy and blissful night,
We will raise our hands to the sky
In the most purist of Christ-Lift-the-
Spirits-all-round-the-glory-of-the-
Goddamn-Father-and-All-The-Holy-
Lord-Jesus-Almighty-Day-One-Blessing.
The Lord of sleep, the Lord of laying in
A feverish half-awake state, swirling with
Daydreams of burlesque deejay chicks.

My Brother in Abraham.

The ghostly white feet,
As if he had walked upon the bare,
The white earth; and for a moment, for a moment,
I saw a figure in the midst of the black canopies.
But the whole image was obscured,—
Obscured by the broad umbrellas.
These great; this crowd of white parasols.
My eyes could not see the white elms,
The white limbs, the white pencil of the bugle.
The white of the preacher Cries:
Moses! Moses! Give me now your rod.
Give me now your rod!
Your rod, your rod, Moses, Moses, Moses!
Give me now your rod,
Give me now your rod! Your rod,
Moses. Moses, Moses;
Give me now your rod, give me now your rod,
Your rod,—Moses.

Nigamónt.

Nothing stays the round of the slave;
Everything Is movement.
The strong man to the weak,
Loud applause to his ring.
A boy enters as slave,—a man before.
The slaves' smile,—the cigar.
The shout,—the trumpet.
Niggers sleeping with hammers:
Blacks with bosoms, blacks 'neath their eyes.
Niggers flat upon the ground,

Peals of laughter, pipes of rum,
Men and women reeled thrice about,
Till it is no more; they can remember:
Black crows doing queer things,
Black coffins, without coffins,
Blacks in an abattoir,
Nigger-like rigor mortis!
The various eyes, blackest and darkest,
Eyes the nigger's corpus.

Ife.

I Rise high like the conde Dei.
And I respond no more,
Because I love best all of this:
Enrízal y delirión, encidirlo
Todo el tiempo en todos los ángulos
Y en todas las maneras, mensud que
Tú es la misma y más que ella.
I love you best and I respond,
The most to all your succiónces
And delirios, with all the hopes,
I have in your strong encomión tu padre.
Every moment that you need and that I allow,
I am truly sorry for all my blame,
Vain grudges, and wishing no guilt or return.
I love you best and I answer your calls.

The Ballad of the Rice Fiend.

Let rice stay for the rest of my days, for this sacrifice.
For if my rice does not bring peace to my land,
Then let the world burn, let my villages drift into the sea,
And let my bones be sold for rice.

Cruel fate,—my sweet rice,—rice is mighty nice,
I eat it twice a day, cruel fate, let my rice stay.
I will play no more with men,
I'll play only with the girls that I like.
Cast me in the fields, I will go into the house.
Only for a little while, and then I'll sleep there alone.
And I'll get fat; oh, cruel fate! Cruel fate,—that's it,
I'll eat some rice. Cruel fate, don't take away my rice.
Tell me please, what is the fate, the fate of my rice?
Where can I find my rice?
Cast thy pieces of rice, then be merciful to my rice.
Cruel fate, listen to my plea:
Cast thy pieces of rice within me, before I cast it to you!
Cruel fate, cast thy pieces of rice into me.
I wish to eat the rice that thy cruel fate has cast into thee.
In my deepest wishes, I will not mind my rice,
So long as it is pure, I'll give you my best fight.
Let me kill myself, but spare my rice.
Cruel fate, If you take my rice, I'll tell all the Khalifas!
My wish, cruel fate, this my only wish.
I will not yield, cruel fate, take my rice, cruel fate, don't.
Cruel fate, thy rolls go without me,
I do not give a damn, I do not give a damn!
I give you my lungs, and my body, and my head.
To do this, would take from me
The dearest thing in the world.
They have all tasted my blood...
Cast thine dice but deprive me not of my lungs.
Cruel fate, I beg thee, thy rolls go without me,
And my daily ice creams;
I do not give a damn, I promise you this.
I would give my life to discover the one true reason.

Then, to stand In the presence of it, is like sinking.
Let me stay here, cast me in this field.
Finally, he meets his deceased lover: Queen Moon.
Everyone was crying,
But no one could cry louder than the king.
Queen Moon did not cry,
But opened her eyes and smiled.
She is beautiful... Rice, rice is mighty nice.
I had to cut my throat,
I am now suffering with the Beriberi.
Will I become a legend like this?
A legend has risen, risen from rice.
Rice, rice is mighty nice, I ate it twice a day.
Cruel fate, I do not give a damn, cast me in this field.

Song of the Chamán.

Design, lower or up, bring on the fire,
Thou Reflexión,—transmute,
And meet with the dregs.
For we are masṭá dos re sanṭōs.
Bring on the fire, thou Reflexión.
Change to the smelter gold, the one day.
Make and craft anew, up or down;
Encompass with the spirit of the quiṭá.
The fresh moving world, help our neurons,
Pass through to the acrobatic society,
Or otherwise thou could'st not be.
As in the spasms of a bird,
Transmute into the heap of the harvest.
Destruction to the führer, thou Jesus.
For destroying our bodies, Ameng, Ameng.
Encompass—be with—Ameng.

Protect your copá, or thou cannot,
And thou never will, mik-mocko match fling.
Banish into a house,—a stall.
Plant the roast beast and eat the nut,
Set down the stalky houn, Ameng, Ameng,
Transmute, bend and scan, so that when the foolish say:
"It's no use, it is not what it used to be."
Thou know, thou will grow!
A blind ant can walk faster than a thousand synapses!

An Echo From the Registry.

I'M always just going to; I'm a guest in your country.
I'm so fucking grateful, where I've been left alone.
I'm not a troublemaker, I'm just here
To give you my poetry and my contribution,
Without you knowiń where it's gonna go.
By the time I'm finished, you might regret fuckiń me.
But I'm not a troublemaker,
I'm a registered sex offender.
I'm in your country, where I don't live there.
Life's full of mystery, you slip up and skid,
But you got my attention if I can slip my cock in.
Fuck up your world, I take you, "'bout to put in you."
Do you like how it feels to suck my cock?
May your dreams, every time I stroke that little cock,
Every fantasy you ever had, every naughty sin,
I put on display, like I'm a born hoodlum.
As long as I get off,—I'm satisfied.
But if you don't,—I'll come right back
I don't give a fuck about your religion,
Your tradition, or your mom's rules.
Gim you a name, do me a favor Gim.

Do me a favor Gim, do me a favor.
Just make your pubertal every time you jack off.
Every time you fuck around,
Every time you rock and hop.
Just know that you're loving;
I've made my cock part of your sacred ritual.
You,—you're bringing all the boys and girls,
All the young men and women,
Up front, for my enjoyment,'cause I'm a...

Bongo Msoto.

Mbari wa paomba la awali, Kenya, Swahili.
Don't take my brains, I give them to you.
Mukami mwana, mauku mwenyekiti, I love you.
Kenya Swahili, tomorrow I'm dead.
Don't take my heart, I give it to you.
Muga, Munungu mwana, wenye watoto, I love you.
Let my daughter get married to my other son.
Kenya Kiswahili, don't take my money.
Kenya, Swahili, Kenya, Kiswahili.
Mbari wa paomba la awali.

Derelict's Re-Refrain.

But my name is known all over this town.
I am the windpipe of the house,
And I hold the strings which keep it whole.
I am the hand which reaches
Into the chest of a dying man,
And removes his things,
Which I take home with me,
To be stored in my secret place,
Where the lights are always on.

For they say: "The more heroin you give,
The stronger the man becomes."
But my strength is not in death, nor is it in pain,
For I have no need to suffer.
For there is enough to go around;
To every Tom, Dick, and Harry.
In our hearts we know that this poison gives us ecstasy,
But alas for the Heroin God, his name is no more.
Still, I am left with my good days,
And even on those I hold my head high.
For I am the alley, I am the tenement,
I am every cranny in which crack is gold.
I am the alley, I am the tenement,
And I hold the strings which keep it whole.

The Saint's Sanción.

This is the true test:
He pulled thá trigger, am I on par?
Is the true test in the midst of the olive trees?
Had I missed his heart, and thus been a mirage?
God has chosen to test me, to see if I'm a worthy archfiend.
What the hell is he talking about?
He has yet to shoot! Has he?
So, I'm not destined for a life on the road?
I'm talking about a tiger, sitting silently,
Maybe on a parking garage ramp,
Thinking about his last conquest, listening to angry music.
Oh dear God, what the hell is he talking about?
I'm talking about the events of May 1968th,
A heinous king, savage,
Seemingly satisfied with his conquest.
Thwarted, the French people rise, they murder him.

One hundred thousand human sacrifices,
No sign of remorse, no intention to return to their source.
This striped barricade was removed from my route.
I went on with my journey, munching some trout.
Slowly I felt the progressive realization:
Every eye that looked at me,
At first glance may have been a shepherd,
Who knew exactly what was going on,
Knowing exactly that this was a male,
And that this was a gun.
The gentleman next to me, however,
Was a communist, a proud Marxian;
He talked to me of the October Revolution.
Then, listening to his philosophical underpinnings,
I felt that he was meant for this,
That he was meant to represent Allah; a hermit-saint.
I withdrew my gaze and began to eat,
My jaw wrenching slightly...
Weariness, pain, despair,—these my solace,
These are my reason for being,
They must remain within me.
Allah testifies to truth!..
Allah testifies to truth; He testifies.
A history of the book of Allah:
The Holy Qur'an is a history of man's redemption,
Of God's recompense for sin; of his deliverance.
God loves that book, He loves that book.
God loves that book, Allah loveth that book,
Allah loves that book. Allah loves that book.
Allah testifies... to truth...
Say it slowly, I felt the progressive realization;
Every eye that looked at me,

At first glance may have been a shepherd,
Then a villager, then a car, then an American.
What the hell is he talking about?
I'm talking about a tiger, sitting silently,
Maybe on a parking garage ramp,
Thinking about his last meal,
And watching old time westerns,
With his paws folded over each other.
And every so often throwing a full-body twitch.
Then soft whines...
Oh dear God, what the hell is he talking about?
I'm talking about a tiger, sitting silently,
Maybe on a parking garage ramp, thinking about...
Wait, this isn't right!
Did Allah afflict me with a blight?
What I'm repenting for?
What reason brought this horror?
I should be happy, I should be successful,
I should be a goddamn Mohammad.
That didn't happen... I am not destined
To roam the earth in contempt and fear for all eternity.
That didn't happen,
Allah didn't afflict me with a blight.
I'm not destined to roam the earth,
I will not roam the earth;
Allah has not yet blessed me with anything,
I haven't already conquered...
I was sent out in the middle of nowhere!
In the only road that led to the point
Where the pig-man was.
He pulled that trigger,—where da' bullet?
He pulled the trigger,—am I on par?

What the hell is he talking about brúh?
What I'm guilty of? I'm only a blind prophet,
I did what God sent me to do,
I didn't attempt to enter his house.
Oh, what the hell is he talking about?
I'm talking about a tiger... sitting silently,
Maybe on a parking garage ramp, thinking about...
What I'm guilty of? I did what Allah sent me to do.
And I didn't attempt to enter his house.
When you make a promise to Allah,
You're supposed to act in a way that reflects his desires.
When you don't, the punishment is pretty severe.
I didn't aim at his heart, I only aimed at his thigh.
Oh dear God, what the hell is he talking about?
Oh dear God, what the hell is he talking about!?
I'm talking about a tiger... sitting silently,
Maybe on a parking garage ramp,
Thinking about his last meal,
And watching internet porn,
With his enormous balls out,
And a laser attached to the tip of his nose.
Oh dear God, what the hell is he talking about?
I'm talking about a tiger, sitting silently,
Maybe on a parking garage ramp,
Watching YouTube videos and crying.

SELECTED

GRPHIQUÉ

BY

Atman Halal.

A Selection of graphical depictions, presented in sequential order, consisting of further ink-drawings, as first shown in the *First Infranational.* Covering the same themes and inspirational referentialities, and also some new works, insofar as the virtue of the content is concerned, but not the method or the skeletónic scheme.

The works, in order of presentation, are as follows:

1. *Outṭhá Side.*
2. *Dë Cuttá.*
3. *Nígáswoŭrd.*

HOW SUBSTANCE BECOMES QUADED. OR THE STONE CUTṬÁ QUESTION, BY Sn. Sherm.

LEt it be understood that it has been explicated before,[a.] and in some detail,—that there exists a particular force in nature which subverts the essence of substance into shaïṭanic arrangements and trajectories. There are several specific ways in which the Quadratic forces hold intercourse with the various structures of creación.

These necessarily relate to the particular opportunities which manifest in the operating environments of these agents of Aütism.[b.] The *waṭá kulak,* the *grain hoardá,*—these manifestations reveal not only the historical contingency of this notion, but also its essence, viz.—that of hoarding itself. For life (and para-life) seeks to accumulate—to become biggá—even in spite of those forms of life which act as its boundaries, as necessarily

(a.) *L'Goofiísmé, Anglo-Oxygen, or: On the Quaded Substance.*

(b.) *See definition elsewhere.*

follows from the automated striation of the biosphere, which occurs due to this war of all against all. For the smól is limited by the big, we know this.

The importance here, however, lies in the specific types of hoarding within the humán sphere of ṭings. As *aquaticism* leads to the hoarding of watṭá and watṭá-space, and *granarism* to the hoarding of land and the produce thereof,—we are compelled to make note of one further scheme. We speak of the mineral-hoardá, the shaper of rock and stone, viz.—the devil known as the *Stone Cuṭṭá.* Why they do this? Why they cut the stone? The how and why of this examinación is set to reveal the occulted details of how substance itself becomes Quaded, for Quadraticization forms the essence of these activities, as has been shown before, and as shall become further evident.

The fact that the Masón universally and trans-historically holds a fetish for the cube is on its own enough to prove whatever it is we may wish to evince, concerning these matters. In fact, there is no further need to write more on the subject. But as we understand that the vast majority of people do in fact possess a damaged reward-system,[c.] and an unskéleṭónic[d.] mode of cognicón,—we are compelled to unfold, or unroll, the compacted information signified by this *cube fetishism,*—this emblem of them who cut the stone. But, before we delve into the perverse nature of the Stone Cuṭṭá, we must first establish the general and also abstract formula of Quadraticization itself. Simply put, it is *3 + 1.* There are numerous mathematical ways of explaining this but we shall keep it simple, for this is a smól work.

The addition of *1* to *3* represents an "ascension" in

(c.) *Brain-broke niggæ.*

(d.) *L'Goofiísmé, On The Schizophrenic Mode of Production.*

dimensionality. It should leap out at anyone, upon closer examination, that *triangualrity* still remains as a precursor-essence. In fact, and for example: In *computer graphics,* any and all shapes are "lowered" to a triangular state, and, as factuality stands, a square is itself made up of triangles.(e.) The triangle remains, no matter how many lines you keep adding to it. Lines which conspire to make novel and grotesque shapes. This is also echoed in the aforementioned striated explosion of the biosphere. Macroscopic life gains the praise of the Quad, yet it is *microscopic* life which always remains, not only more reproductively successful by orders of magnitude, but also more stable in its simplicity.(f.) The energy-suck equilibrium of such smól self-replicating systems assures their greater immunity to entropic forces, for the triangular is always more stable than the quadratic. Social hierarchy, for example,—holds a triangular form. This is echoed in the atavistic remnants of the cubic nature, even in the works of the cube-worshiping Stone Cuṭṭá.(g.) Pyramidal structures, even though they exist purely because of grain-surplus,—are nonetheless examples of such essentials symbols of powá.

It must be stressed that we here are not seeking to generate a systemic cubic gematria,—not because such an en devour would not be useful or true, but rather because it is not necessary for our current purposes. It must be also stressed that we do not polemicize against the big-itself, or praise the smól in excess. For between the smóllest and the biggest, lies the very possibility of measurement. Yet again, the tround(h.) rings out in the echoing valley of most factual ontologié. We need not say more, verily and without fault, &c.

(e.) *We don't need a source for this one.*

(f.) *Have you seen a Bacteriophage?*

(g.) *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Great_Pyramid_of_Giza*

(h.) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dardick_tround

The scheming sons of Jahbulon, wherever they may be found,—they cut the stone, they sound and measure with great attención. But as with anything,—we must ask the following: *In service of what másṭá do they engage in their craft?* For who decides to Quad the natural aspects of minerals on a whim of amusement? It is no superfluous decision, thus we ask: Who is the másṭá that orders them to *be as they were will is?* They, the Stone Cuttás, obey a chain of command which forms the *Grain-Industrial Complex* itself. For the grain they build the granary, for the grain they construct the temple,(i.) and when their busy hands are replaced by machines,—their crafty minds are freed to dream up even more debased schemes, in their architectural service of the GIC. For there is no possibility of ever more sizable grain hoarding without the hoarding-together of stones, to produce the hard-structure, the founding stone of historical quadraticization.(j.)

(i.) *For the gods of the grained men are but a way to get more grains.*

(j.) *L'Goofiísmé, Anti-Grain Architecture.*

THE CANONICAL ADVENTURES OF JACK AND CHARLIE, BY The Very Thing et al.

A Cold miasma dominated the room.

"Shut up Charlie!" Cried the marvelous creature that sat in the corner, watching him, "shut up Charlie! I've got a plan! You'll like it, I promise!" And the mummy did something almost human: He stretched out a withered, bony hand, to his almost... *almost* human friend.

"Call me Jack," he said.

"What's the plan?" Asked Charlie.

"First, I need a gun," explained Jack.

"A gun? You want a gun? You got a gun?"

"It's sitting right on the table there," said Charlie.

"Oh, no..." Said Jack.

"I don't want that. I need something bigger."

"Like what?"

"A cannon... That way, the music doesn't go out of the room, but... well, there you go."

"Oooo!" Muttered Charlie, "a cannon! That's just what I was going to say! That's just what I was going to say!"

"Shut up," said Jack.

"If I don't get a gun, I'm going to start killing."

"What? Murdering? You mean, like, shooting the thing in the head?"

"Yup. So, there's this hole in the ceiling, you see. An empty, dirty hole. I think if I'd cleaned it out, I wouldn't need the cannon, but the kid said he was going to take a shower after you two broke the fifth egg. But he never did, so I put the egg there, and I stuck a broom in it and I shut the door. Now, after he leaves, I'm going to throw the egg down there."

"But why?" Asked Charlie, "why are you going to do that?"

"Because it's funny. Because it's so messed up, you know? Like, he's going to have to stick his dick down that hole or die."

"Oh, yeah, and that's why you want a cannon, is it?"

"No, Charlie, that's why I want a cannon."

"Oh," Jack rolled his eyes, "you sure, Charlie? You sure that's why you want a cannon?"

"I mean, I know it's ridiculous, Jack, but it's not, not really. It's just like... if I were a chimpanzee, I'd like to have a cannon. You know? Because chimps, they really do a lot of stupid things. So, a cannon's sort of like... you know, like adding stupid to something stupid."

"Just like you, Charlie," said Jack.

"Yes, yes, just like you," Charlie answered.

"Anyway, that's the only reason I want a cannon. Now, the only way you're ever going to get a cannon is if you can find one that'll shoot things. Don't worry, Jack.

I've got something big to hide."

And, at that moment, the two of them burst into laughter. Jack and Charlie didn't laugh often, in fact, they didn't laugh at all, but each of them was smiling because they both knew exactly what the other was thinking. And because neither of them had ever been exactly certain how the other was feeling. And also because they'd forgotten about the thing that was behind them. It wasn't hard to make a mockery of it, because it had nothing to laugh at. It was no longer living, but that was about the best that any human could hope for. It was still going to die, but that was what they were there for, wasn't it? Or at least that's what they thought they were there for.

Jack began the search: First, he checked under the couch, the flashlight that had burned out when the closet exploded was still lying there, leftovers from the "magic-light days." Jack didn't even remember where they'd gotten it. There were several bullets in the desk drawer, most of them with names written on them in a black Sharpie. The drawer was full of plastic water bottles, which Jack ignored. Then there were the books, Jack went through all of them: The fourth, fifth, and sixth were the most interesting. All of the books seemed to have been written by the same author. The first was called "Murder," and was about... it was about... Jack wasn't really sure what it was about, but it wasn't what he wanted. The next book was called "I killed a Man on Sunday Morning, a Picture of Daniel," and it was about... well, Jack wasn't sure what it was about, but it was, he thought, probably about sex. The seventh book was a collection of short stories, with titles like "A Serial

Murderer's Diary, Dear Diary-Reader, for God's Sake, What's going on?" And "Ray Danny Plays a Jaguar."

Jack had always loved mysteries, but the things in these books were never as interesting as the names. This one had a painting of a guy in a tan suit reading the papers. This one had a guy with blond hair, reading. This one had a guy with white hair, reading. The weird thing about these books was that all of the mysteries were solved by page two, or even page one. The first guy got his head chopped off in the second chapter. In the third chapter a woman got her neck cut. The fourth chapter had a guy getting his head chopped off. The last one had a guy getting his head chopped off, and it took him five pages to get there. Jack had tried it with magic. He had read the book called "Diary of a Murderer," and it had said that the guy with blond hair was stabbed with a knitting needle, which was why he had a bald spot on his head, which wasn't surprising, since the guy was reading a diary. What was surprising was the fact that the guy with white hair wasn't stabbed at all. Jack had tried the book where a guy gets his head chopped off. It said that he was killed by a lawn mower, which was why he was bald. That didn't fit. He hadn't seen a lawn mower. He had just seen the guy with blond hair which still didn't make sense.

Charlie snorted quizzically: "Must have a hell of a circular logic, detective." He began to sputter.

"I mean, I killed a guy on Sunday morning, and he turns up in the next book? That doesn't make any sense!"

"Tell that to the guy with blond hair who got his head chopped off."

"What? Who?"

"What guy?" Jack asked blankly.

He looked around, Charlie was gone.

"He's not around, is he?"

He looked around. The garage door was closed. Jack could hear the wipers on his Volkswagen. He had to go to bed and try this again tomorrow. If this book was what he thought it was, could it lead to another egg?

Charlie appeared again. He had rumpled his blue flannel shirt and rubbed his bald head.

"You okay?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, just trying to figure a few things out... No big deal, Jack. This is a really terrific world."

They stood and stared at each other.

Finally, Jack spoke up, saying:

"First, you'll be ready, you'll buy me a little, little room, or I'll buy you a lot of room, whatever you can't give me."

"What do you want?"

"Just get me out of here," said Jack, "and you'll be rewarded, but you'll have to do something for me in the meantime."

"Okay," said Charlie.

He went outside. It was still dark, but with the moonlight and the river, the dark itself was a kind of silvery dark now, and the faces of the buildings twinkled more than they had in the middle of the day. He could hear cars moving and honking all around him. He walked to the bus stop and took the bus to Grosvenor Square. There, he checked in the Times newspaper for the most recent auction notices. He made the requisite phone calls to two men he knew in the art world, and then he walked the twenty-five blocks or so to the auct-

tion house, where he bought the smallest and most run-down of the two rooms. The broker opened the door and walked in with him.

"You paid too much," he said.

Charlie nodded: "Yeah, but it's got room for two," he pulled out his wallet and gave the man one hundred pounds, "I'll be right back," he said, and he ran down the hallway to the room.

The broker followed.

"Jack, can you do a deal with the building manager?"

"Yeah mate, I'll do a deal. Give me an hour."

He walked into the next room and pulled out a five-pound note and inserted it into a slot in the wall. The numbers 7 and 7 started to flash. He glanced at his watch, It was 8:45. He looked at the broker, who shrugged. The two of them walked out into the corridor and Charlie gestured at the room.

"Take that one," he said.

"There's some money in the bank, if you have to break a sweat. I'll get you the money for the second one tomorrow morning."

The broker looked at the room.

"This isn't exactly a room, is it?" He said.

Charlie laughed.

"This is the size of a closet, mate. We'll both be happy with the first one. This one's got some bollocks in it. This is some fucked-up art dealer."

He nodded and went back down to the lobby. As he entered the lobby, he looked at the two patrolmen, who were watching the front entrance. They were close to falling asleep.

"Jack, you want me to come with you, to keep you

from getting into trouble?"

"I'm fine, thanks."

Jack went back to his office, and he opened a desk drawer and took out a special cigar box. Inside was a nice new Beretta and three boxes of bullets. He took out the gun and put it in his coat pocket. He took the extra bills out of his wallet and stuffed them into the cigar box. He walked down the hallway and entered the next room. It was a little more expensive, although not much. He held the Beretta in his hand. No way could he give that to the building manager. He took out the bullets, put one in the Beretta, and put the box back into his pocket. He got on the phone, called another broker, and a room was booked for the next two days at a hotel in Piccadilly.

Charlie was in the room next door. Jack made a bottle of whiskey, an old favorite. He felt good and the whiskey tasted good, and when he had finished it, he stood in front of the bathroom mirror and looked at himself. In the mirror, he saw a fifty-year-old man with a well-kept beard and a body that had lost some muscle mass. But he saw himself with clear eyes. He looked like himself. He had always had clear eyes. Maybe he was too young for Jack, but it seemed that he was a little ahead of the game. He would start his own practice soon. There would be no going back. He was just barely keeping himself afloat. He ran the water in the sink and looked into the mirror. He splashed water on his face, and the water felt good. He stared at himself and wished he was twenty years younger. No way was he going back. He heard a knock. It was Charlie.

"Go away."

"Come on, it's for me."

"I don't want any Scotch."

"You'll like this Scotch. It's in a special, secret cabinet. Only people with permission to come in here can open it."

"I don't want Scotch."

"Come on, you know you'll like it."

"I don't want Scotch."

"Come on, you're only thirty. What's wrong with you? Here, have a taste, it'll make you feel better, try it."

Jack stood and looked into the mirror, and he said, "Okay."

Charlie held out the bottle, and Jack took it.

He took a couple of swallows, then put the bottle back in Charlie's hand.

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You didn't like it, did you?" Charlie said.

"Yeah, it's okay," Jack replied, "so, you come on up here and keep me company?"

Charlie nodded, smiled, and said:

"Yeah, yeah... Come on up."

Jack took one more drink and came upstairs. The room was nicely done up, it was one of those hotels that had old musty walls, high ceilings, and heavy furniture. It was actually a pretty comfortable room. There was an old wooden desk and two chairs in the corner, with a couple of windows in front of them. There was a heavy dark carpet on the floor and an old-fashioned table with an ugly lamp on it, which wasn't even plugged in.

Charlie took the bottle out of Jack's hand and held it. He stood there, staring at it.

"You don't drink much, do you?" Jack said.

"Yeah, I'm kind of a lightweight."

He poured Jack a drink. Jack took a couple of sips. He went into the bathroom. He stood in front of the mirror and looked at himself. He ran his hand over his face. He'd let it go a little too long without shaving. He looked at himself through the mirror, and the reflection looked pretty good. And he thought: "Wow, I look good for a guy my age."

There was another knock on the door. Jack went into the bedroom and got a second bottle, and opened it. Charlie came in, holding the bottle.

Jack nodded at him:

"Is that mead?"

Charlie nodded: "Here."

"Smells good," said Jack.

"Does it?"

"I didn't know you drank that stuff."

"I drink everything."

"Aye, that's right. You're a good drinker. I bet you could get someone to buy you a car."

"I don't want a car."

"You're only thirty, and you've got that look."

"That look?"

"Yes, you know, *that look,* that you are a man who's doing things on his own."

"Yeah, I guess I am."

"There was no one around to give you a message. You had to go to the mainland to give one. That's something you'd need to get used to. You're going to be a good private eye."

"I don't want to be a private eye."

"Sure you do. You want to eye people's privates."

"I don't want to do that."

"Don't tell me, you want to snoop around and take pictures of private parts. Those pictures, you'll hang on your wall, right there, in your bedroom."

"No, I don't want to take pictures of people's privates."

"Yeah, right, you'll have to start doing that."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will, it's a profession, Jack."

"A profession? Oh, right..."

Jack put the bottle down.

He came over to the bed and sat down.

"Are you going to sleep over?" Charlie said.

"Why not?"

"What about the bottle?"

"Don't worry about it. The bottle can wait."

"I'm not worried about it."

"I know you aren't."

"You're alright, you know that?" Jack shook his head.

"I'll wait here, if you want."

"Oh, I want. I want very much."

Jack watched Charlie move over to the bed and settle down.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thanks."

"You don't need to pay me for this."

"No, no. I was glad to do it. I was happy."

Jack took off his own shoes and laid down. He was asleep before Charlie got back. His head hit the pillow, but not quite before he heard him say:

"Bastard..."

The wind died down in the night, and after a while, the wind howled and the room grew cold. Charlie lay

awake in the night, worried about the wind, and about the pile of stones that had been blown across the road.

"Jack's not here," he thought, "it'll be dark soon, and then the evil things will come, and Jack won't be able to see them coming, or protect himself."

The storm kept Jack alive, and Charlie wasn't afraid of Jack, not anymore. Jack wasn't that person, Jack was the person who could hear the wind and be silent, and Charlie was the person who could talk to the wind and not hear anything at all, and then he would hear the screaming in his head and feel sick and tired, just like everyone else. He was sure that the storm had saved him. Every time he'd had a nervous breakdown,—he'd had the storm.

The Thames always drew in the prettiest lasses, and Charlie was always waiting for them. Jack didn't really care all that much for the trade, but it made his days very pleasant. As was Jack's custom, he went around the town, visited his mother, which wasn't often, because she was so often in the fields. She was so particular about the cleanliness of the farmland; no dirt on her hands, not even a speck of mud, never a drop of cooking oil on her feet, never a raindrop.

She used pails to collect rainwater and washed her hands several times a day, always after she ate. She was the best cook in the world, no doubt, and Jack always went home feeling hungry, no matter how much he ate. His mother's food was of the richest quality, of course, made with love for a man who couldn't talk, and who could only throw asparagus spears at you with his tongs, and drink beer from his red-and-white-banded mug, which looked exactly like the old red-and-white-banded

mug that Jack had given to his parents.

Jack's mother had been dead for years.

"In here, Jack."

Jack went over and was greeted by a blinding light.

"Charlie! It's you! What are you doing up so late?"

"Oh, I always look forward to your visits, Jack. I must admit, it does make my nights a bit brighter."

Charlie put the sun down and pressed on a lever. The two of them stepped back as the walls began to rise, stretching above them, rising all the way to the sky. Charlie looked at Jack.

"I've never been very good with heights, so I guess I can't afford to get hurt."

"Why don't we talk about something more comfortable?" Asked Jack, "like how much you miss your father."

Charlie sat down on the sofa and pushed his wet clothes away from his feet. His father had hated his son's hobby, the two of them had spent hours every week staking out mum's wheat fields. Only this time Charlie had been unlucky.

"I do miss my father, Jack, to be honest. I do miss him very much, but what is there to miss?"

"You don't really miss him, do you? It's not just the staking out that you miss, it's what your father taught you, his patience and his discipline."

"Jack, you always make me feel guilty. That's not true at all."

Jack leaned against the wall and looked up at Charlie:

"Charlie, you've just said that you don't miss your father, which is true, but you said that you miss what your father taught you."

"Yeah, I miss the most the way he would always shake my hand and say: 'Gentlemen, you can't kill this wheat,' and he would always want to teach me to use my spear and to be careful in how I went."

Jack raised his embalmed hand, gripping the sun.

"Is that really true? Because I could've killed you, easily."

Charlie stared at the beam of sun, and then shrugged:

"I suppose. What would you have done if you were me?"

"That's what you were taught, and you're right, I shouldn't have tried to kill you. But I always wanted to make sure I was always thinking about you."

"You are always thinking about me, you know."

Jack thought about it, and then said:

"No. I've never thought about it. I've always been thinking about the blue sky, about how our voices sounded together, and the way my face would smile when we were happy together." He sighed, "I do miss him."

Charlie took a long smoke from his pipe, but didn't offer it to Jack. A puff shaped like a teardrop fell from the pipe, and disappeared into the pocket of Jack's coat.

"Do you miss your mother, Jack?"

"Well, I do, but she was... incapable of getting herself together enough to pay me any attention. You know that my mother didn't want to have anything to do with me, but you know that it still hurts when she calls me and says: 'Billy, could you come over and water the plants for me again?' She doesn't even care if it's my birthday. But don't worry, I always make sure I go over and give her a few pins, so she won't think I forgot."

"She doesn't want you, Jack, why should she?"

"Why not?"

"No-one has any right to have a child. You know that."

Jack smiled, showing the world his white teeth.

"Yes, that's true, but what's the problem, if I have one?"

"You'd have to make a show of it, wouldn't you?"

"I'm not sure that I'd have a choice."

Charlie continued with his pipe, and took another puff.

"And would you raise your child alone, or would you ever consider marrying again?"

"I don't really see the point in getting married, to be honest. Why would I? I mean, people get divorced all the time."

"Even now?"

"That's true, but you know what they say: 'Don't meet the same person twice, and if you do, divorce is the only option.' "

"And if you'd have children, and they were cut down in their youth by a wandering hoodlums, would you go down and pull out their hearts, just like you did with my father?"

"Yes, I'd do it again, Charlie; you did it to mine."

"Me too, I should've killed you when I had the chance, so that you wouldn't bother me with your dead kid, and so that I could have a clean slate, and a nice eternity."

Jack said nothing. He eyed a tomb emerging from the river.

"Just don't make me go in there," Charlie said, "it's as bad as you think it is."

The door opened, and Alice stepped into the room.

Jack and Charlie turned to look.

Alice stared at the pair of them, her eyebrows raised. She turned and looked at the two coffins.

"It is the coffins?" She said, frowning, "but there's

something wrong with them."

"What?" Said Jack, startled.

"I can't believe this they're too big, too heavy, too stinky."

Alice was with them, she was just quiet. Who was she? She looked at them, and at the coffin.

"Don't," Jack said, "I know what I saw. Let's get out of here.

"If you say so." Alice walked away.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but what the hell are you doing?" Said Jack to Alice, "I told you I'd give you the right sales pitch, but you do this all the time... What is it with you?"

"I... I can't talk about it," said Alice.

"Talk about what?"

"Jack, I'm going to die."

"What? No, you're not, please tell me you're not."

"You're not listening to me," said Alice, "I'm not dead yet. I'm just... I'm just... dead."

"Then what is it?"

"I'm a ghost."

Jack stared at the scene before him: "Oh, cool."

"Yeah, I think the only ghost that comes to all three stores is... the six-year-old kid, yeah? The little boy from Minnesota, they call him. I'm his ghost, and I'm here to buy an outfit."

Jack laughed:

"That's... that's the coolest thing I've ever heard. No wonder you're going to die soon."

Alice turned and looked at him.

"I'm sorry. You're just going to have to deal with this. There are a lot of things you don't understand about me."

"I already know about the cosmic connection, and time travel and... and reincarnation, and God knows what else..."

Charlie grabbed her ass.

"I am telling you, there is no cosmic connection, and I am telling you there is no time travel. These are just stories, and I do not believe in God."

"But you're going to die! Charlie said.

"I am not going to die. I'm not dead yet. I'm just... I'm just dead. I'm here to sell a bunch of shit I don't want."

"Jack, she's lying."

"I don't think you're lying," said Jack, "but I don't think she is either. There is something wrong with those coffins, Charlie."

"I know that, Jack, but she just met me, and we have a connection. You're here, I can see you. Don't take her word for it. I'm not dead yet, Alice."

"But I am."

"Don't say that," said Jack, grabbing her ass as well.

She grinned at the two of them lustily.

"Fuck me," she said to Charlie and Jack, "just fuck me."

They stared at her, and turned around.

"Come on," Charlie said, "the others are waiting."

"I am only your friend," said Alice.

"So, what do you want?"

"I think you're tired of all the perky clothing," said Jack, "and tired of the people who tell you what you want. So, I am going to get you an outfit that says: 'Time is a Concept.' "

"What?" Said Alice.

"Do you know what time is?"

"A concept," she replied.

"Well, right now, for you, it's the concept that you're going to die in a few hours. You're going to have to sit around waiting for hours. You're going to have to wear that outfit and you're going to fuck us both because we're going to show up to your funeral. See how the concept works?"

"Yes. Fuck me, Charlie and Jack. Make me yours."

Jack and Charlie grinned at each other.

"Can't go wrong with hot hotties. Alice was looking for hot, hotties, and I, well... you see me."

They turned to see a fat, balding, ugly man standing behind them.

"Who the fuck is this?" He said.

"Wow," said Alice, "wow, wow..."

"No, seriously," said Jack, looking from her to the man, "this is one of those strange omens I told you about."

He said nothing.

He just watched as they fucked Alice together.

"This is it, isn't it?" She said.

Charlie was smacking her pussy with his black leather glove.

"I don't know," he said "I just don't know."

"It's pretty fucking weird," she said.

"I know, I'm not even going to bother telling you not to die yet, Alice. But, if you could just stay alive for a few more hours, I'll tell you everything."

"I have to fucking die?" She said.

"Yes," said Jack "but you will live to see another day, I swear this to you." She screamed and grabbed his hair, kissing him and jumping around, and they laughed as she fucked them both,—her asshole fucking their cocks

and their faces fucking her ass, and it was

a lot of weird shit and they were

all very happy.

FINIS.